

TO THE
QUEEN,
ON
Her Majesty's
BIRTH-DAY.



By Mr. *FENTON*.

Elyah

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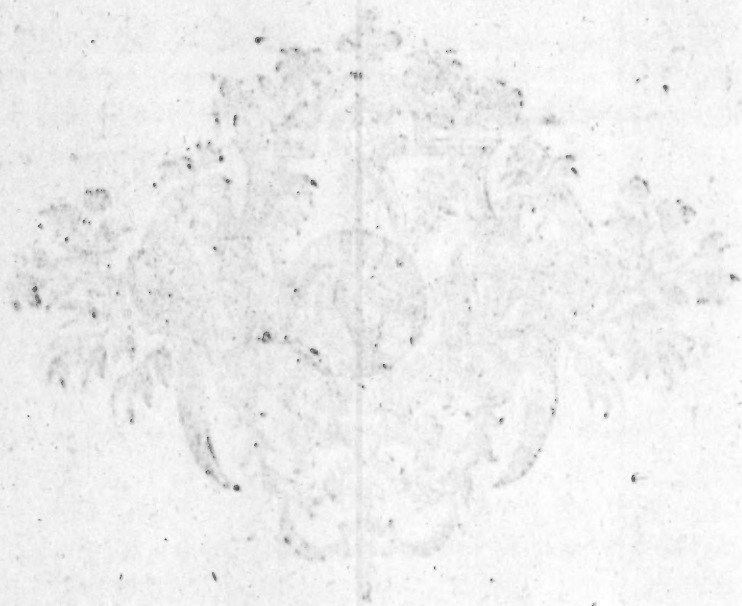
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BY MRS. FENTON

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To the Q U E E N.

 FROM *This* Auspicious Day Three King-
doms date
The fairest Favours of indulgent Fate :
From *This* the Months in radiant Circles run,
As Stars receive their Lustre from the Sun.

To You the Scepters of all *Europe* bend,
The Victor Those Revere, and These the Friend ;
Your Silken Reins the willing Nations crave,
For 'tis Your lov'd Prerogative to save.
Mild amidst Triumphs, *Victory* bestows
On You Renown, and Freedom on Your Foes ;
Observant of Your Will, the Goddess brings
Palms in her Hand, and Healing in her Wings.

But, as the brightest Beams and gentlest Show'rs,
Were once reserv'd for *Eden's* op'ning Flow'rs ;
So, tho' remoter Realms Your Influence share,
Britannia boasts to be Your Darling Care.
By Your great Wisdom and resistless Might,
Abroad we Conquer and at Home Unite :
Nature had join'd the Lands, but You alone
Make their Affections and their Councils one ;
You speak,—The jarring Principles remove
And close combin'd, the Sister-Nations prove
Rivals alone in Loyalty and Love.

What

What Pow'r cou'd now forbid the Warrior QUEEN
 To wave the Red-Cross Banners o'er the *Sein* ?
 Others for Titles urge the Soldier's Toil,
 Or meanly seek the Foe to seize the Spoil :
 But You for Right Your Pious Arms employ,
 And Conquer to Restore, and not Destroy ;
 Vouchsafing Audience to Your Suppliant Foes,
 You long to give the lab'ring World Repose ;
 Concurring *Justice* waits from You the Word,
 Pleas'd, when You fix the Scales, to sheath the Sword.

From this propitious Omen we presage
 Unnumber'd Blessings to the coming Age :
 Establish'd *Faith*, the Daughter of the Skies,
 Shall see New Temples by Your Bounty rise ;
 Commerce beneath the *Southern* Stars shall thrive,
 Intestine Feuds expire, and Arts revive :
 Safe in their Shades the Muses shall remain,
 And sing the milder Glories of Your Reign.

So whilst offended Heav'n exerts its Pow'r,
 Swift fly the Light'nings, loud the Thunders roar ;
 But when our Incense reconciles the Skies,
 Again the radiant Beams begin to rise :
 Soft *Zephyrs* gently waft the Clouds away,
 And fragrant Flow'rs perfume the dawning Day ;
 The Groves around rejoice with Ecchoing Strains,
 And Golden Plenty covers all the Plains.

F I N I S.